

The life of a box

By Gabriel Resinger

I come out of the machine and breathe a breath of fresh air. I look around, and discover that I am in a large room with many turning wheels. Other boxes like me are riding on the wheels. As I feel myself moving, I look down and see that I am on the turning wheels! I am excited, and start looking at everything I can see! A man in a yellow jacket puts me in a bin, and carries me off. I notice the other boxes in the bin, but we do not communicate. A little known fact, boxes cannot speak.

The man brings the bin to a shelf and sets it down. I am on the top, so I can see everything. Many people come and go, buy boxes and stickers, and pass green paper. Many days go by. One day, a little girl and her mother come into the shop. They want to buy a big box. If I could speak, I would ask her to pick me. They walk around, then the little girl picks me up. "Mommy, can we get this one?" she asks. "Yes, honey. We can get that one", the mother replies. I think I have found my home.

The mother pulls out her green paper and gives it to the man. When we get in a strange box with wheels, we ride off. We get to a place I assume as their home. The little girl rushes me inside, up some

hard wood steps, and into a small room. She brings out several colorful boxes and dumps them on the floor. Many colorful contraptions drop onto the floor.

“Mommy, can you help me fold the box?” she yells. The mother comes upstairs and picks me up. She folds me up into a case like the colored boxes. I just now realize that I was never folded!

The little girl puts her little color machines in me. The mother folds my top over, and she carries me outside to a bigger box-with-wheels. She sets me inside, and there are many other boxes surrounding me. The box-with-wheels moves along a strip of hard, grey material for some time. After quite a while, we reach another place that looks like the home I was in before, but smaller.

The mother picks me up and out of the box-with-wheels with a sad look on her face. “Honey, get out of the car.” The little girl jumps out of the box-with-wheels, which I now assume to be a “car”. “Mommy, the house is so small!”, the little girl exclaims. “I know, honey, but it was the best we can afford”, the mother says.

The little girl carries me inside, but there are no wood steps. This home is very small. The girl takes me into a very small room, and sets me down. She takes her color machines out and puts them in a small bin. It doesn't look like there is room for any more than the small bin. The girl seems upset, and she yells to the mother, who is carrying in boxes. "MOMMY! The toys won't fit!", the little girl yells. The mother sighs and tells her she will have to get rid of some.

I hate seeing the little girl so upset. She quietly goes through her color machines, looking about to cry the whole time. When she has finished, she hands me to her mother. The mother puts some books in me, folds me over, and puts me in a tiny room about the size of 5 of me. She closes the door, and I wait. And I wait.

Forever passes, and I grow weak. Every once in a while, a girl comes into the room to take out or put in something new to me. Every time, the girl seems older. Then, one day, I am taken out. The girl this time looks like the mother that put me in here so long ago. "I put my toys in you so long ago", she says. I look at her, and realize she is the little girl that used me forever in the past.

Then I tear. First it is small, then it grows. Everything starts coming out of me. Books fly out onto the floor. The girl picks up the books and brings me over to a basket. She drops me inside. "Goodbye", she says.

I am later picked up by a big "car" and taken to a large place. I am put on wheels much like the ones I was on when I came out of the machine. I roll towards a large metal wheel. I roll into it, and in that moment, I think, *I have served my purpose.*